



The Pea Field.

Gaffers and-dames come listen a while,
To what I'll lay before ye,
I dare to say you all will smile
When that you hear the story ;
Five miles from Town a gardner lives,
Who is a hearty cock fir,
He took his dame all round the ground,
To show his noble crop fir.

O dame says he, but view the wheat,
And see how fine its thriving,
The oates is strong the rye is high,
There is no fear of living ;
The turnips they come on a pace,
Potatoes there be plenty,
I do declare that such a year
There is not one in twenty.

And for the cabbages says he,
We have had very many,
And plants likewise and spinnage too,
Have had as much as any ;
May mare's with foal, my cow with calf,
The sow she soon will litter,
What folkes on earth can ever wish,
There treasure to come quicker.

His dame he took then o're the stile,
Where peas and beans were growing,
Her hand he squeez'd and gave a smile,
And seemed somewhat loving ;
An amorous thought then took the man,
It's true upon my life, fir,
And on his knees among the peas
Paid homage to his wife, fir.

My dearest Gaffer cries the Dame,
This is a lucky minute,
For if my heart was not your own,
I am sure you now would win it ;
The sight I saw in t'other ground,
From doubt of crop did ease me,
But now I see the beans and peas
Good lack how they do please me.

Both satisfy'd they homeward went,
And gave the servants ale fir,
To praise the prospect o'er and o'er
The dame she did not fail, fir,
But oh ! said she the beans and peas,
What quantities they will yield,
So take the can each maid and man,
And drink success to the Pea Field.

